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Pretty Parrot's GARLAND

I. The Pretty Parrot exalted by the Eagle and the other Birds to sit on a high Branch of the Tree.

Song II. Upon Sir Miles Stapleton's obtaining his Cause in the late remarkable Scrutiny.

III. The Country Maid or The Young Man's Dream.



Licensed according to Order.



The Little Parrot GARLAND, &

Song I. *The Little Parrot.* Written by A.M.
the Tune of the Bee-Hive.

IN One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Four,
In a pleasant fine Park I was walking an Hour;
Where the pretty Birds so sweetly did sing,
And with their sweet Melody made the Woods ring.
Fal la, &c.

To hear this sweet Harmony there I stood mute,
And presently after began a Dispute;
The Peacock and Parrot they could not agree,
Who should sit highest of them in the Tree.

Fal la, &c.

And thus the proud Peacock began for to say,
Be gone Little Parrot, be going thy Way:
It's fitting I should sit the higher in Tree;
And view but my Feathers, how beauteous they be
Fal la, &c.

Well as for thy Feathers, the Parrot did say,
I'm sure they're the finest for Children to play;
But when Little Parrot do h strain out his Voice,
Both Dukes, Lords and Earls, in Heart do rejoice.

Fal la, &c.

With Might comes the Crane, with a Neck long and fine
Cling, Out, Little Parrot, we'll give thee the Fall
Pray view but his Robes, how curious they be!
Besides that in Stature he's greater than thee.

Fal la, &c.

O then comes the Hawk, and thus answers the Crane,
Pry talk not so fast, for thy Speech it is vain;
Deprecate not the Parrot, tho' he be but little,
Or I'll let thee feel that my Claws are good Mettle.

Fal la, &c.

O then comes the *Magpye*, tuil of Chitter Chatter,
And cries out, *Come tell me. pray what is the Matter?*
I'll speak it at once, and so it shall be,
The Peacock shall sit the higher in Tree.

Fal la, &c.

Come, come, Mr. *Magpye*, the *Tbrostel* did say,
If that be thy Errand, pray go thee thy Way;
Thou'rt hated by Nations, thy self don't excuse,
For thy Chitter Chatter brings nought but bad News.

Fal la, &c.

O then comes the *Raven*, as hot as a Flame,
I'll make Little Parrot to quake at my Name.
Pray, tush, says the *EAGLE*, I'm above thy Pitch,
I'll stand for the Parrot, and go thorough Stitch.

Fal la, &c.

Replies the brave *Woodcock*, It surely must be,
The *Parrot* shall sit in the Branch of the Tree;
And let Mr. *Peacock* sit down on the Sump,
And spread his Proud Tail to cover his K U M P.

Fal la, &c.

Then Thousands of Small Birds began for to sing,
A *Parrot*, a *Parrot*, they made the Wood ring;
Thus by fair Election, as we may suppose,
For to sit the higher the Parrot was chose.

Fal la, &c.

But yet the proud *Peacock* he's dissatisfy'd,
His Mind is infected with Honour and Pride;
If Right will not give it, he'll have it by Wrong,
His Parties are standing in Contention strong.

Fal la, &c.

If any more Difference chance for to be,
Quoth the *Turtle-Dove*, we'll make Five or Three,
Before pretty *Parrot* he does lose his Liberty;
If Peace does not give it, I'll have it by Right.

Fal la, &c.

Thus in a Confusion the Case it doth live,
The *Peacock* he's proud, he's fullborn, and free;
The *Parrot* is cloth'd in Humility,
It's fit he should sit on the Branch of the Tree.

Fal la, &c.

I hope

I hope all that hear me will wish and desire,
 That the *Pretry Parrot*, he may sit the higher;
 For of all the Birds that the Air doth surround,
 Like a *Parrot*, for Wit, there's not one to be found.
Fal la, &c.

II. A New Song on the joyful News of Sir *MILES SPAPLTON*'s gaining the Conquest at the late Scrutiny in the Parliament-House. To the Tune of, *Glorious CHARLES of Sweden.*

Ἀγρὸς καὶ πόλεως, Κοφίν, καὶ νῆα κυβερνᾷ.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
 Pulsanda tellus : nunc Saliaribus
 Ornare pulvinar deorum*

Tempus erat, dapibus, sodales.

Hor.

I.

YE *Yorkshire* Souls, who love your *KING*,
 The Church, and *English* Nation;
 With me rejoice, and let us sing
 Upon this blest Occasion.
 Sir *MILES* the Great (tho' Little) Knight,
 Of whom we well may bragg-on;
 We'll read his Story, with Delight,
 As *George*, who slew the Dragon.

II.

His Family our Histories tell,
 In *EDWARD*'s Days were mighty;
 For Wit and Valour did excell,
 The Thoughts of which delight me:
 From such a Spring, came late Sir *JOHN*,
 As clear Streams from a River;
 And hence proceeded his bright Son,
 Sir *Miles*, Sir *Miles*, for ever.

III.

To see what Providence can do,
 Is certainly amazing;

To

To Sir John Kaye we were most true,
Who is to us so pleasing ;
Altho' once in Election crost,
By *strange* or *mad* Behaviour,
We made Amends for what he lost,
And now he's in our Favour.

IV.

Sir Miles's Father, thro' Mischance,
By Fall from Horse expired ;
No doubt the Country would advance
The Knight they so admired :
But since his Fare, to proper State,
His active Son doth enter ;
Knight of the Shire, most him desire,
And so begun th' Adventure.

V.

What Means some us'd to pull him down,
Were base, beyond Denial :
Whose Mercy, like Great *Kaye's*, was shown,
Upon a solemn Tryal :
By Numbers far he did exceed,
Which made his Foes to grieve-a ;
To see him *Chair'd*, their Hearts did bleed,
So much they lov'd *Geneva*.

VI.

Hugh Bethell, that most worthy 'Squire,
Such Justice did each Party,
That every one did him admire,
And wish'd him Joys most hearty ;
Who plac'd Sir *Miles* upon the Chair,
As gaining the Election ;
Once more th' High Sheriff be our Care,
To drink his Health with Affection.

VII.

Who can describe that happy Day,
Extatic Joys so great, Sir !
Each Soul did bear elastic Sway,
Continually replete, Sir ;
The Noble *Finch* did grace the Sight,
Huzza's, and Trumpets sounding ;
The City fill'd with true Delight,
And Happiness abounding.

VIII.

O *Wortley* ! we must Thee admire ;
 Like *Nestor*, in Contriving !
 Who did Sir *Miles* so much inspire,
 Knew how his Foes were driving ;
 For sure the Balance had outweigh'd,
 And robb'd our Knight of Glory,
 Had not thy Skill their Arts bewray'd,
 And so quite turn'd the Story.

IX.

But after this, alas ! we heard,
 The dread and fierce Petition ;
 And then, as tho' of Souls debarr'd,
 We seem'd in sad Condition !
 Nature it self did seem to frown,
 Scarce Pastime was a Pleasure ;
 Our Cups could not our Sorrows drown,
 Our Hearts were fill'd 'bove Measure.

X.

That *Miles* should out ! O dismal Tone !
 What have we all been doing ?
 Why shall we vote to be undone,
 Or brought almost to Ruin ?
 Be *disaffected* call'd, what not,
 By *Quakers*, *Presbyterians* ;
 As tho' our Church should go to Pot,
 Or we prove *Oliverians*.

XI.

But our good King, he knows full right,
 We are for Church and Crown, Sir ;
 And He stood by the Little Knight,
 Unto his high Renown, Sir ;
 At News of which, the Bells did ring,
 And Bonfires were a blazing ;
 The Country Folks, who smile and sing,
 Drink loyal Healths most pleasing.

XII.

" We've got, *they cry*, our dear Delight,
 " Sir *Miles*, and no Excise, Sir ;
 " Let Diff'rence now be banish'd quite ;
 " All loving prove, and wiser :

May

" May Plenty charm us, like Heav'n's Smiles,
 " And Trade spread o'er the Nation ;
 " Health to King George, Sir John and Miles,
 " To keep us in right Station.

The Young Man's Dream. To a new Tune.

O Ne Night I dreamed I laid most easy,
 Down by a murmuring River's Side,
 Where Banks bespangled were with Daisies,
 And the Streams they did gently glide :
 It is all round me, and quite over,
 Spreading Branches were display'd,
 'Till interwoven in due Order,
 It soon became a pleasant Shade.

Those sudden Raptures of Delusion,
 Lull'd with Slumber and sweet Ease,
 Methought I saw my lovely Susan,
 Thro' the green and blooming Shades.
 The Moon gave Light, I could discern her,
 How my Goddess mov'd along,
 Attended by each killing Charmer,
 While the Fair One sweetly sung.

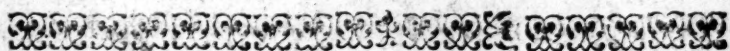
Ye friendly Shades of Night convey me
 To Adonia, my sweet Joy !
 Ye Gods and Goddesses guide me, I pray ye,
 To that dear and darling Boy :
 Ye noisy Winds give over Blowing,
 And cease a while that I may hear,
 If sweet Adonia be a roving
 In the Groves and Vallies near.

Then she sat down, and tun'd her Spinnet,
 That made the Hills to echo round,
 Which wak'd the early Lark and Linnet,
 Whilst in Concert-Tunes they sound :
 Her tempting Tresses, my Joy carresses,
 Whilst her Hair hung dangling down ;
 Her Milk-white Breast being almost naked
 Which might engage a Monarch's Crown.

Then I fancy'd she drew near me,
 With a sighing melting Air.
 She by her Countenance seem'd to fear me,
 And soon repented she came there ;

*In fine, I rose, and gently seiz'd her,
 Whiſt my Charmer ſwoon'd away ;
 And in my Arms I convey'd her
 To the Harbour, where ſhe lay.*

*She ſoon recovered her Senſes,
 Saying, Sir, You'll kill me, I am undone !
 Why will you ſmother a harmleſs Maid Sir ?
 Pray let me go I muſt be gone.
 Then in my Arms with amorous Bliffes,
 I carreſt her in Love's Flame ;
 But in the Height of all my Bliffes,
 I woke, and found it but a Dream.*



The Charms of Sylvia. To a new Tune.

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IT is your Beauty has enſnar'd me,
 And daily renews my Pain :
Morpheus doth plague me, and fatigue me,
 With dubious Dreams ;
Cupid attacks me more and more,
 And from my Heart run Streams of bleeding Gore.
 Approaching Death affrights me.
Phantix, ne'er reject me, Angel fair, protect me,
 It is you I implore.

It is your charming glancing Beauty,
 That is fram'd moſt divine ;
 Charming without Me ſure, Garden of all Pleaſure,
 Garniſh'd with Treafure, neatly refin'd.
 It's your Lilly white Breſt,
 That is bleſt with ſweet Repoſe ;
 By Virtues dreſt,
 And deck'd in your clear Robes.
 Prevent my Decay, my Wounds now repay ;
 Pray *Sylvia*, take me as your own.



F I N I S.